



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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POPULAR TALES.

THE DEMON SHIP;

The Pirate of the Mediterranean.

(Concluded.)

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses but they returned with the light. 'Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!' she said in a low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy dream; and looking with horror at Girod.—'I would have saved you all, had it been possible,' said Jaqueminot, in French. 'But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost.—I have the keeping of the stern-hold.—Look you—here be two rows of meal-sacks fore and aft. If you, milada, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it, in Heaven's name, but lose not a moment.'—'And what will be the end of all this?' asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude. 'God knoweth,' he replied. 'I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shewer. If we should put into some port of the Levant perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stilled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare stay not one moment longer.' He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher by them and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held wild revelry over our heads. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their law-

less songs, their awful and demoniac oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abomination. The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near we seemed almost among them and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious gaolers; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon horde, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give to our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garment of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of and made a sort of rough apology to his ship-mates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revellers broke up.—I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin skylight. The

wind was high, and the ship rolled tremendously. We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing, on deck, of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. 'It blows a stiff gale,' was the observation of Jack.—'So much the better,' replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; 'the more way we make, the further we get from all those cursed government vessels. I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry bargain out of our present voyage.' Let's see—four thousand pounds sterling that belonged to the captain there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board.—'Yes, yes, we have sacked the captain,' observed Jack facetiously. His companion went on—'His watch, rings, and clothes; and two thousand dollars of the countess's and her jewels, amounting perhaps to another two thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen-gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things.'—'I suppose captain,' said Jack, 'we go on our usual plan eh? The specie to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers? And, for once in a way, I hope there will be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing, you and I and one or two more know what? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig.'—'It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment,' answered the captain.—'A good one for dividing its contents,' said Jack. 'I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye.'—'No need,' replied the captain. 'I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark.' Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn old signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my companion might possess, for repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden walls of our hiding place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heaven! his hand

discovered the countess's garments; he grasped them tight; he began to drag her forward; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it and as his hold on Margaret slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost, and I leaned over Margaret just to afford my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising and the crimson hues of dawn meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper threw on its swart complexion such a ruddy glow as—contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a less degree of light, produces for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness.—And thus our place of concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing toward them, his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that we were not seen. The captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half-doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work, was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod's careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jaquemiot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half-stifled shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of inquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his ruin were sealed. 'I have been seeing all your pretty work here, Monsieur,' said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks, behind which we were

concealed. I caught a glimpse through them of Girod's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod's teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honour; and the countess being a lady, and the Captain Francillon an old acquaintance. 'And so because you cut the throats of a couple of solan geese—as your duty was, at your captain's command, you think he must not even see to the righting of his own stern hold?' said the captain with a gruff and abortive effort of pleasantry, for he felt Girod's importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jaqueminot's answer shewed that he was now *au fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were by a thread, hanging with scarce the distance of a pace between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us either by day or night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittant pulsation. It was agony indeed to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, or afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without snapping that thread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the loud irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution.—She deemed her hour drawing on yet feebly essayed for my sake, to stifle those last faint moans of expiring nature which might betray our concealment.—I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unutterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea as drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold.—He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French 'Courage—Rescue!

There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her sometime with a glass and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together.' I grasped Margaret's hand. She faintly returned the pressure, but gently murmured, 'Too late.' Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest, giving prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became more steady, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—'The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay too.' A quarter of an hour elapsed and the voice again said, 'The sloop chases us!' Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. At length Girod descended to the hold. 'The die is cast!' he said in his native language.—'The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action.'—'God be praised,' I ejaculated.—'Amen!' responded a faint and gentle voice.—'Do not praise Him too soon,' said Girod, shrugging his shoulders; 'our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors, and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern.'—'But has his motley crew,' whispered I anxiously, 'ever encountered a *British* foe, of equal strength.'—'I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion,' said Girod, as he hastily quitted us. We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannon were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them. Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and determined to give his vessel the advantage of awaiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action.—He harangued his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little

vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction; I began to fear that they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess's cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal shipmates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the *Demon*, and sink her, and her crew and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure, or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison.—We might, therefore in vain attempt to shew ourselves, or make our voices heard amid the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or by the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which as it shewed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiring to my ear; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sack into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon; endeavoured by fanning her with her handkerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her; and spoke to her *aloud*, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly aught on which our fate depended. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop's nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet, at a distance, demanded safe and unhurt, the persons of Colonel Francillon, the Countess of Falcondale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate's stratagem at Malta had transpired. The *Demon's* trumpet made a brief and audacious reply:—'Go seek them at the bottom of the sea.' A broadside from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment in kind from the *Demon*, evidently discharged from a great number of guns. The volleys continued. Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding.—But *which* was the successful adventurer? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each others'

sides was soon heard; and, not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop's crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperate raged the combat above us; but the pirates' yell waxed fainter and fainter; while the victorious shouts of the British seamen mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, 'No quarter, no quarter to the robbers!' became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the *Demon* crew seemed almost to cease. But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was immovable. At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to settle into an awful and suspicious acquiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. I perceived, however, only too clearly that the *Demon* was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerors themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulf that was preparing to receive them; and a hundred voices exclaimed, 'To the sloop!—to the sloop! The ship is going down—the ruffians are sinking her!' I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was in vain,—I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel, and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction. I took Margaret's hand, and held it up towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once fiercely-manned *Demon*, save the rushing of the waters in at the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to oblivion. At last, as if she had received her fill she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant, many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us for ever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice, no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse was quiet: and I deemed that the spirit had warred with and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door! It was opened; and the words 'Good Heaven! the fellow is right; they are here, sure enough!' met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, a sailor or two, and Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious brethren, who was received into the arms of her

compatriots, and then like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret's eye was half-closed in death at that moment: for the deck of the sinking *Demon* offered no spectacle for woman's eye. There lay the mangled bodies of our late dreaded jailers, their fast stiffening countenances still retaining, in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned all dyed with crimson to the ocean; while the sun setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays—for the last time—in lurid and fitful gleams on the ruined *Demon*.

A deep, as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret when the fresh breath of heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had lost the free use of my limbs by my lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat, I saw that Girod's pinioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned, seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and without leave of the officer, cut at once through the boards which confined our first deliverer.—'This man,' I said, as we seated ourselves, 'has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation. I will make myself answerable for his liberty and kind treatment.' Girod seized my hand, which received a passionate Gallic salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship. Merciful God! we were then *out of the Demon*! I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her bosom again heave, a renewed glow of hope rushed to my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere slowly and awfully, the *Demon* sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulfed; and the *Demon*, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared for ever.

Here abruptly terminated my relative's narration; and if any reader should have felt just sufficient interest in it to wonder whether Margaret died, and whether Colonel Francillon attended her funeral as chief-mourner; or

whether, after all, she recovered, and was married to the Colonel,—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the Countess was soon placed under a skilful physician. He pronounced her case hopeless, and my relative had now the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting that her dying hour would be peaceful, and her lovely remains honoured by Christian burial.—She passed from the hands of her physician into those of the British ambassador's chaplain; but I do not think it could have been for the purpose of religious interment—as I enjoyed, for nearly forty years after this period the inestimable privilege of calling the Colonel and the Countess my revered father and mother!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Bulletin.

THE CHOICE.

Charles Franklin, succeeded his father in a moderate lucratively business, and feeling the loneliness of an unconnected state, resolved to look around him, in the circle of his female acquaintances, for one who could be content with such an establishment as he had to offer, and whose tastes and pursuits accorded with his ideas of female excellence. Charles was not remarkably fastidious, yet he looked in vain—one charmed him by her beauty, another by her accomplishments, a third by the decorum of her manners, and a fourth by her vivacity. But still, in all, the indescribable charm was wanting; several times he had been on the verge of falling in love, but some accidental discovery, or startling discrepancy saved him from committing himself. Chance, however, brought him acquainted with two sisters, possessed of equal beauty, and, on a slight acquaintance, apparently, nearly resembling each other in manners and disposition. Charles was greatly at a loss which of these sisters to admire the most—they both possessed such charming gaiety, such an easy flow of conversation and, apparently, such equal gentleness of temper. The brilliant eyes of Lucy, the elder, dazzled his imagination, while the less sparkling, but more tender one's of Fanny often riveted his gaze. After a few weeks acquaintance however, he began to fancy the elder sister preferred him, and he devoted more of his attention to her. Time, however, convinced him that the disposition of Lucy differed in some respects from his own. She was ambitious, fond of public amusements, more from the *eclat* of being seen at them, than on account of the pleasure they afforded her, extravagant in her ideas of a matrimonial establishment, though destitute of fortune herself, and ridiculing those *domestic drudges*, as she called them, 'who barter their liberty for a bare competency, and sit down in a corner for the rest of their lives;' his imagination had been dazzled by Lucy's uncommon beauty but his heart was not irretrievably gone; he saw that he should not suit her as a husband, and began to be convinced she would not suit

him as a wife. He quietly withdrew his attentions from her and devoted them to her sister, whose more quiet and retiring habits and less ambitious views, suited his moderate circumstances and unostentatious wishes—he now found that he had overlooked one whose first feelings of partiality had been awakened in his favour, while he had trifled away his time at the shrine of vanity and ambition. Fanny's was a heart formed for affection, and every domestic and endearing virtue; and Charles Franklin had sense and judgment to discover and appreciate them. Lucy a little piqued by the transfer of those attentions which she had prized only because they contributed for a while to her amusement, laughed openly at her sister's choice, and drew a lively and ludicrous picture of the intended domestic establishment—but the good sense of Fanny enabled her to bear this *badinage* with unruffled temper, and she looked forward to a union with Charles with confidence and hope. After Charles and Fanny were settled in their new residence, Lucy, who, notwithstanding her raillery, was a frequent guest, wondered at the unalloyed happiness they seemed to enjoy, and finally told her sister that she could never be content with an establishment which debarred her from the elegancies of high life, and a home which could boast of nothing save neatness and comfort.

In fact, Lucy was a slave to false pride, and weak ambition; and she made no effort to shake off the trammels that enchanted her better judgment. At length she received an offer, the acceptance of which would apparently ensure to her the possession of all she coveted. It is true the lover who offered her a splendid establishment and all the ostentatious parade her heart could desire, was not exactly the person she would have chosen to share those coveted advantages—his person was sufficiently agreeable and his manners sufficiently polished; but Lucy was not destitute of that penetration which enabled her to detect the shallowness of his understanding, and the foibles of his temper. She shut her eyes, and ears, however, and gave her hand; sighed when she thought of her sister, and dashed at once into the stream of fashionable life.

Lucy's husband was ambitious, as well as herself—he was ambitious of being thought a rich man, a 'great dash,' the highest *better*, a frequenter of the theatres, and other public places. It was his pride to be thought to dress in the most elegant style, to keep the finest horses, and own the largest and most elegantly furnished houses of any of his acquaintances, and he chose Lucy not because he was ambitious of rendering himself useful or estimable, or of making others happy.—He saw but little of his wife, and she never wished to see much of him, except when he necessarily became her escort to some place of fashionable amusement—Lucy was now at the submit of her

ambition—so was Fanny—and we will leave them there for the space of ten years, and then see what changes that space of time has been effecting in their outward prospects.

Charles Franklin had acquired an easy independence, and lives with his Fanny, whom 'time has but rendered more dear,' and his promising children, in a style of elegant and simple affluence, in which the charm of each others' affection, the indulgence of literary pursuits, benevolent actions, and the society of estimable friends, constitute their blessings. Fanny believes that every earthly virtue centers in her husband, and that every good blessing crowns her lot. And what has become of the ambitious Lucy, and her rich and ambitious husband? He has gone on step by step, from a 'dashing fellow' to a gamester, and horse racer, from thence to a *bon vivant*; thence to a sot, and from that last remove, it is to be feared that nothing but death will remove him, his fortune not so great as he wished it to appear, has been squandered in the pursuits of his ambition, in which consumption the ambition of his beautiful wife has not a little aided. And Lucy went on step by step, from a dashing fine lady, to a dissipated belle, thence to that worst of all characters, a married coquette, from thence to a fretful, repining, disappointed invalid, ruined in health, as in prospects, hating her husband, almost hating herself, unable to enjoy, or even endure patiently a life of obscurity and privations, and envying the better fortune of her sister, who married for affection, and now enjoys all that is requisite for rational happiness and laudable ambition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABERNETHY'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The following amusing anecdote of Abernethy, the surgeon, is from the 18th number of the *National Portrait Gallery*:—'The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is also extremely characteristic. It is told that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport; 'You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come to pay my farewell visit. But in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to—pounds, and I can settle—pounds, on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what

it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for really I have not time for the routine of courtship. In this humor the woman was wooed and won: and we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect.

GREENWOOD AND DRY WOOD.

A countryman driving a load of wood into Providence with an ox team, and staring about upon every side of him, chanced to observe the name of Greenwood on one of the signs; and taking it in the literal sense, he thought there might be an opportunity of disposing of his load of dry wood at the same place. 'Whoa haw?' said he, 'come up here, Buck—haw to, Berry! why don't you come along here? didn't you never see a grocery afore? What the darn are ye afeard on, you tarnal fools, you! Who-a-a! I say—there stand, will ye, till I go in and ax.' With that he stept up to the door and knocked smartly with his long hickory gad—'Holloa? Mister—holloa! the store'—Out comes the storekeeper. 'Cant I trade with ye to-day—what'll ye gi' me for this load o' wood—good dry wood as ever was cracked—say, what'll ye gi' me for it?'

'I'm not particularly in want of wood,' said the storekeeper.

'Why 'tis, true,' said the countryman pointing to the name on the sign, 'I observe you've got *Greenwood* here, and didn't know but you'd like a little *dry* to burn with it.—*N. Y. Constel.*

Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish. This is true of avarice; but not so of economy. The man who is economical, is laying up the permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay deserves no praise—he obeys a sudden impulse, more like instinct than reason, that it would be real charity to check.

Original Anecdote.—Some years since one of our supreme judges was privately reprimanding an attorney for bringing several *small* suits into the court over which he presided; remarking that it would have been much better for both parties in each case had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of some two or three honest men. 'Please your honor,' retorted the lawyer, 'we did not choose to trouble *honest* men with them.—*Vermont Herald.*

Capt. N——, who lately arrived at Boston, when going up to the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the buoy; and going below for a few minutes, he called to the Irishman,

and asked him if he had thrown over the buoy? 'No,' said he, 'indeed I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the *old cook*!'

A person speaking very respectfully of a blind gentleman, said, among other things, that he was a *good looking man*. An Irishman in company, struck with the apparent blunder, exclaimed 'By the holy Shannon, if I had said as much, I should have been accused of making a bull—How can one be a *good looking man*, when he is so stark blind that he can't *look* at all?'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831.

To Agents.—As the present volume of the Repository is now drawing towards a close, such of our agents as have not forwarded the amount of the subscriptions on their respective lists, will see the necessity of attending to it without delay; forwarding at the same time the names of new subscribers, and also of persons wishing to have their papers continued, our rule being not to send any at the commencement of a new volume until ordered.

Accident.—On Monday last, a man by the name of Dutcher, a resident of this city, was driving in at the upper end of Warren street, and while in the act of whipping his horses, one of them kicked furiously and hit him over the right eye. We understand he is badly wounded, the eyebrow having been cut open and the skull laid bare about two inches in length and one in breadth—the wound then extending down on one side of the nose, the flesh cut to the bone and several of his teeth knocked out. The hurt was immediately examined, when the skull was found to be slightly fractured over the inside corner of the right eye. The horses ran some distance with the man in the wagon, when by its breaking asunder, he was precipitated into the street. Though the street was thronged at the time with people, horses and carriages, no other injury was sustained.

SUMMARY.

Gibbs the Pirate.—We are informed from the most respectable authority that he has made a full disclosure of all the accomplices, aiders and abettors in his piracies, and that it is the intention of the person who has the information in his possession, to proceed to Washington and communicate it without delay to the President. When published, says our informant, 'it will astound the people of this nation'—*N. Y. Jour. Commerce.*

Steamboat Disaster.—A letter from Wheeling, Virginia, states that the steamboat Tri-Color, had burst her boiler near that town. From four to eight persons are supposed to be killed, and nearly as many wounded.

The Navy Department is now engaged in preparing three small vessels, of that weight of model and capacity, which are peculiarly suited for preventing or destroying pirates.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Alexander H. McKinstry, of Rochester, to Miss Angeline Pease, of this city.

At Claverack, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Alexander Hammond, to Miss Elizabeth Blake, both of this city.

At the same place, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Chancellor Snyder, to Miss Jane daughter of John H. Smith.

In Albany, on Sunday the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of this city, Mr. William Jones to Miss Elizabeth Vice, both of Lansingburgh.

At Poughkepsie, by the Rev. Mr. Welton, Mr. George Goodrich, to Miss Julia Colwell.

In Lenox, Mr. John Z. Goodrich, editor of the Berkshire Journal, to Miss Sarah Worthington.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 25th ult. Mrs. Kezia Greene, relict of the late Nathaniel Greene of this city, in the 90th year of her age.

At Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, on the 25th ult. Frederick W. youngest son of David Elseffer, in the 19th year of his age.

At Kingston, on the 20th inst. John Tappan, Esq. editor of the Ulster Plebeian, aged 65 years.

At Oswego, on the Susquehanna River, Mr. Nicholas Kittle, aged 76, formerly of Kinderhook.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

MUSINGS—GETHEMENE.

'Twas evening, and the broad deep sea of light
Had rolled its waves away, and left the scene
Reposing in its noon of loveliness.
The moon was up, and its pale, lovely self
Was faintly pictured in the silent pool,
That slowly wandered through Gethsemene.
Oh! yes it was a scene to steal the soul,
Away from earth's dull cares, away from life,
And bind the heart to sober meditation.
A scene withal more sweetly sad, than aught
That fancy pictures to the eye of mind.
Jesus went forth in bitterness of soul,
And sought the hallowed spot where oft he hid
To pray with those he loved.—The twilight hour
Writes God's own image on the face of nature,
And subdues the pride of human feeling.
That was a mournful hour; then sorrow's fount
Rose high, flowed deep, and full, and rapidly.
Then Jesus wept; there flowed the purple sweat!
Oh! see the drops hang on his God-marked brow—
They speak the tale of sorrow plainer far
Than angel's pen in inspiration dipt.
And mark the deep-toned feeling of his soul
As now that purple stream flows down to earth
And mingles with the dust His power had made.
The flowers that bloom in conscious beauty there
Hang their soft heads and shed their tears of dew.
The gentle zephyr sighs its lonely wail—
And mourning clouds veil Luna's fairy form.
All nature weeps!—O tell me, is there aught
But strains of joy upon the harps of heaven?—
Then a lone note of wailing crept along
The hills and vallies of eternity.

How sweet is holy comfort in the hour
When sorrow's darkest clouds lower round the heart!
The strength'ning angel left the throne of heaven
And healed the broken spirit of the weeper.
Tho' earth should bow herself in agony—
Tho' tears should fall in heaven, and notes of joy
Should die away and hymns of mourning move
Through the far bosom of eternity;
Still man would sleep in soulless selfishness,
Nor drop one tear to mingle with the flow
Of sorrow's tide.

HARP OF HORICON.

Moreau, March 25th, 1831.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

There is an hour within the life of him
Who has a friend, when the soul dreams of joy.
The traveller on a rude and torrid waste,
Descries far off a fellow pilgrim's steps,
And lifts his beating heart to God in praise.
The seamen while he guides the willing helm
Of his proud vessel, as she spurns the waves
Of the wide ocean, hears with joy the cry—
'A sail, a sail!' All hands rush to the view,
And strain, with anxious hearts the eager eye,
To catch the slightest glimpse. And now they near,
Lo! side by side they hover o'er the deep,
Flapping their white wings in the listening air.
Earth is a desert! not the earth we tread,
The visible creation of our God;

For that has spots that glow as Eden glowed;
And flowers that bloom like flowers of Paradise;
And skies above that shine with quenchless stars,
The scattered jewelry of Heaven;
And clouds, which when the King of Day sinks slow
Behind the mountain tops and leaves a train
Of rainbow hues to mark his burning course,
Are hung in golded fringes o'er the sky,
Like curtains let down by an angel's hand.
And Earth has music. The sweet melody
Of Birds and Brooks; that 'lyre of thousand strings,'
The voice of man. This earth is not a waste;
But 'tis the moral earth the wanderer treads,
Fanned by no breeze of sympathy. He lives;
Men look at him and turn away their gaze;
His hairs grow grey; his eyes are dim with age,
Or pain and sickness—Down he falls and dies.
This is the man unblessed, without a friend.
But oh! how sweet the sense to the lone soul,
That there is one, the pulses of whose heart
Responsive beat, when his are swelled with joy—
Who'll mourn with him, when grief demands a tear.
Together through the maze of life they pass;
Their tastes and feelings and pursuits the same.
Their sympathies around each other twine
In veins which, severed, loose the lives of both.
Immortal spirits, bark by bark they sail;
Trim to the wind, pass o'er the bar of death,
And anchor in the harbour of their God.

P.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Snap-dragon.

PUZZLE II.—It is heired (aired.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
I'm a word of five letters and am well known to mari-
ners, behead me and I'm a certain animal, behead me
again and I am skilful, behead me again twice and I
will tell you the name of an East India plant; my first,
second, third and fourth will give you the name of fish
found only in a certain river; my first, third, fourth and
fifth is a certain carriage; my first, third and fifth is
found in almost every home; my second, third and fifth
is a useful covering for a certain part of the body; my
first, second and third transposed is a hireling; my first,
third and fourth transposed is a part of a circle; my
first, third and fifth transposed will form part of a play;
my third, fourth and fifth transposed is a useless, but
troublesome animal; my second, third, fourth and fifth
transposed denotes early attendance; my first, third
and fourth transposed is a spirituous liquor; my first,
third and fifth transposed is a nail; my first, third,
fourth and fifth transposed is a road. Who can tell
what I am?

II.

Why is M in timid like your nose?

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that these seeds were raised
the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose
seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market,
and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state. Also,
just received a general assortment of

Clarinets, Flutes and Fifes,

With Preceptors for the Flute and Pife, containing all the most
popular airs.

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